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The Wellesley Magazine.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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REFLECTIONS.

LET it be confessed at the outset that this title is intended to be non-committal. When our editor requested me to write a brief article on the outdoor beauties of Wellesley as reflected in the after life of a Wellesley student, my only clear impressions were that the editor must be obeyed and that October was not yet. But now that my pencil is actually sharpened and the blank paper rebuking me with its expectant stare, I am dismayed at my own rashness in undertaking a task for which I am obviously unfit. The alumnæ from whom we should value reports on a subject like this are assuredly those alumnæ who, after four youthful years under the Wellesley oaks and pines, have gone out from this sylvan paradise into the darker, sterner life of the city and the town, cherishing in heart the image of a loveliness passed by. It would be of deepest interest to hear their true relation

of what has been the distillment into character from the violets of their four Wellesley springtides. But how shall a mere home-body, who has never ventured, save under the runaway impulse of vacations and the European furlough, above a few miles, at the most, from Alma Mater's knee, confide even to the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE remote memories of the gentle mother to whose apron-string she has so persistently clung? And thus, feeling the need of cover, I raise this word *Reflections* as a shield between the editor and my recreant self, hoping that she will regard it from the silver side of obedient speech, while from the inner view I see the opportunity for golden silence on the essentials of the theme she has imposed.

The outdoor Wellesley of my student years was a wilder, freer Wellesley than these lawns and parks of to-day. I remember clambering, as a village schoolgirl, over the scaffolding of "the college in the woods." I remember puzzling out my Livy with a classic comrade one chilly morning on the summit of what is now Stone Hall hill, when for warmth we lay buried to our chins in pine-needles, securely screened by the boscage all about. I remember seeking an absolutely lonely spot in which to listen till some voice in the air should sing me the song demanded by a relentless Programme Committee for Tree Day, and finding my perfect wilderness amid the tangled boughs and bushes of the eminence topped at present by a School of Art and three vociferous cottages. Our patient hills, scarred and seamed by the active heels of Young Columbia, were unwounded then, with the conspicuous exception of Pellmell, on whose now most ragged and unsightly slope the very first month of the boating fever left prophetic indentations. And the winding, grassy paths that led to Music Hall and Tupelo have broadened and hardened into highways, over which, ugly as they are, one cannot be regretful. They echo with the tread of beloved feet, they testify to the march of progress — let them broaden and harden still. And still let tree after tree rustle down to make room for the new buildings sealed up for us, we trust, in unsuspected wills, or, if not, clinking bravely in the slender purses of the alumnæ, — that brown stone chapel we have waited so long to see, that spacious gymnasium, that hall of science, and chapter-houses and cottages innumerous

> "As the stars that shine
> And twinkle on the Milky Way."

Our faith is with the Future. She will destroy the good only to make way for the better. She is pledged to beauty no less than to Truth.

With all these changes, there is much that is unchanged. The alder tassels kiss the lake in April just as they were wont to do before "Sophomores on the half shell" were ever dreamed of, — when we pulled out the full-blown Mayflower and the portly Maud Muller and the other vessels of that ponderous fleet to the middle of Waban every evening after our decorous New England tea and sang our songs there in the sunset flush until the chapel bell warned us to make what speed to shore our majestic crafts would permit, though even so our reception was too often that lamented in the once familiar Wellesley song —

"But with all their rowin' they don't get in,
So just to punish 'em for their sin,
Whin the bell it rings for a quarther o' eight,
They lock thim out o' the beautiful gate.
Begorra!

"They sit thimselves down on the cold stone steps,
As if they were nothin' but common Preps,
For nobody coomes to let 'em in,
But they lave 'em there to repint o' their sin.
Begorra!"

In summer the Field of the Cloth of Gold spreads its splendors in the sunshine as brightly as ever it did, and the fire-flash of the scarlet tanager delights the girlish gazer from some upper window no less than in the good old times. Still the little gray nuthatch runs circling down the hickory trunk, and the floating pond-lilies exchange fragrant greetings with the dancing clover-blooms. The great maple of Simpson meadow wears its autumnal glory as proudly as when there were fewer eyes to do it homage, and, despite Wallace and his canine peers, the gray squirrels frisk about among the chestnut burs hardly less fearlessly than in the days when a city-bred Frenchman took them for the parents of the chipmunks. Winter yet brings the clear green tints of old to the after-sunset sky and casts the swift shadows of the crows upon the snow. And as for Waban — why does not our editor ask Waban for his reflections? If Waban would give back to human vision only once the faces that have been mirrored in his waters — the tawny Indian faces that looked gravely down from birch canoes, and

the host of Wellesley faces, girlish, hopeful, dreamy faces, that have leaned from boat or bank above him — but this is what Waban will never do. His heart is full of secrets, but his smile reveals nothing save dimples. We forget how old and wise our wee lake is and how replete with friendships, so winsomely does he pay childish court to each and all of us.

> Ten thousand dances for ten thousand days;
> A million murmurs for a million friends;
> Blest little lake, whose every wavelet plays
> Beneath a loving look that overbends!

Was there ever such a tiny sheet of water that gave such large delight! For three years it was the experience of my morning walk to see what mood Waban would be in — what phase of beauty he would flash upon me, as I turned the green house corner.

I, for one, do not subscribe to the adage that familiarity breeds contempt. It has been my invariable experience that, in proportion as I know a human life, I recognize its individual preciousness as well as its individual pathos. And the scenery that is most beautiful to me is the scenery to which my eyes are most wonted. In the wonderful canons of Colorado, with all their richness of color and grandeur of outline, on the far-reaching prairies of the West, the miles upon miles of world-nourishing grain billowing and glistening like the sea, even in the presence of that glory and that pæan men call Niagara, I missed the shyer and more elusive beauties of the rugged face of New England. And I hailed my first returning view of the Berkshires with a rush of unmathematical conviction that in their own way and for my own purposes they were quite as high as the Rockies. Lying deep in Scottish heather, I have felt a wayward longing for the fragrance of sweet-fern. Among the rich-foliaged, drooping beeches of an English park, under the soft-blue, misted arch of the close-bending sky, I have had whimsical visions of one of my accustomed Yankee trees dropping in among them as an American tourist, thin by comparison-every leaf on edge, perky, inquisitive, wide-awake, aware of limitless sun, shine and free air.

But how does dearness reveal fairness? How is it that this Wellesley landscape, for instance, beautiful to all, is so much more beautiful to us alumnæ who love it? Not merely, I think, because it is charged with

association and memory,—because the soft splash of Waban at Point Tupelo has been the undersong to voices that made the music of our student-lives, because the giant oak in whose swaying shadow we dreamed the dreams that our work-day thoughts have long denied holds them close and safe for our returning, because the hills throw on us answering looks and the conscious meadows bid us remember. Doubtless it often happens with some especial glade or glen, one leaf or another of the book of Nature, that personal experience just there has been so vivid as to write itself, palimpsest fashion, over the primeval text, so that the spot thrills us only with recollected emotion and the original message of the scene is blurred away. But it is, in the main, with the nature that cradles the waking mind as with the humanity that environs our childhood and our youth. As in the living faces we first watched we came to know and love not persons only, but life, and knew that life more deeply for that love, so this scroll of nature early unfolded before us becomes not palimpsest, but an illumination. I have often thought that the devout monk, working day in day out over his parchment with pigments and with goldleaf, must understand whatever gospel his blissful hand had thus embellished as he could never understand another. The sacred text about which he had wrought his emblazonries with such cunning art that

> " The wind,
> Blown through the mullioned window, took
> Scent from the lilies in the book,"

must yield up to him its secret meaning as no other text could do. In like manner the ardor of youthful life beside Lake Waban illuminates there Nature's holy writ. Joy, faith, hope, courage have laid on the fair colors and Wellesley woods andwaters, however dear to us for obvious charms and, for association, are dearest for revelation, — most beautiful for the divinity that shines through them brighter than otherwhere.

> " Ever the words of the gods resound;
> But the porches of man's ear
> Seldom in this low life's round
> Are unsealed, that he may hear.
>
> " Wandering voices in the air
> And murmurs in the wold
> Speak what I cannot declare,
> Yet cannot all withhold.

" When the shadow fell on the lake,
The whirlwind in ripples wrote
Air-bells of fortune that shine and break,
And omens above thought.

" But the meanings cleave to the lake,
Cannot be carried in book or urn;
Go thy ways now, come later back,
On waves and hedges still they burn."

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

AT WELLESLEY.

A step from the Laboratory brings to yon roomy hill,
Where in the beauty and silence both heart and pulses thrill!
The sparkling lake below me reflects with a sunset glint
The myriad leaves of the forest, a rich autumnal tint.
Soft grasses beneath my footsteps murmur a welcome sweet,
And the very birds in the branches my wonted coming greet.
Anxiety loosens its clutches, and weariness fades way —
I have left their realm for another, they cannot one deed gainsay.
So freely I roam thro' the forest, I bound o'er the meadows wide,
O the peace, the glory, the joy, that I see upon every side!
Away from the cramped and the narrow, and out to the free and the broad,
A step from Art and the text-book, straightway to the hand of God!

ALICE W. KELLOGG.

A WORD FROM AN ALUMNA.

I AM not among the few who knew Mr. Durant personally. We who poured through the main entrance and along the dear old driveway for the first time in 1882 came to know him only through the " college beautiful." Perhaps we have the truest knowledge of him. The spirit of the great man is our familiar friend. We of '86 felt his hand-clasp in the welcome given us by those who had placed their hands in his; we looked into his eyes through theirs.

As we entered the great north door, the graceful palms, the winding stairways, the spaciousness and beauty of it all seemed to many of us to form the fairest scene we had ever looked upon. From that moment we entered into our inheritance. When I first looked at my baby girl the great blue

eyes were wide open, and almost from the first they seemed to realize the great mysteries of light and color. Who can say how soon the ideas dawn in the baby mind? True educators learn of the little child; they believe that what we see and feel we know. Reasoning from his works — for through them only do I know him — Mr. Durant must have believed that along this line lay true development. The fragile snowdrop, born of the melting snow and March winds, which he placed in unexpected corners; the wisteria; the spicy quince along the wall; these and many more tell us of his belief in the influence of beauty in a student's life. The harmonious proportions of the main hall, the pictures and statuary along its corridors, where they can but form a part of the daily life of the students, tell the same story. Surely, the four years of life at Wellesley must quicken the power of seeing a hundred — nay, a thousand — fold, and with the larger vision comes a deeper sympathy with nature and with man, and a new desire to know of both.

Right here lies the secret of the Wellesley spirit — the spirit of our noble founder. In those first days, when our Alma Mater existed only in his great mind and heart, he gathered about him a body of teachers, clear-seeing, aspiring women, many of whom have helped us toward his ideals of beauty and truth by personal contact. Through their efforts, working in harmony with him, there has come to be spread abroad at Wellesley a spirit of earnestness, of unselfishness, of helpfulness, known to all of us who have come within the influence of the college life. Others have helped to produce it, but in him we find its source.

One element there is in the college life of to-day which he would strike out forever, were the power his, and that is the lack of quiet strength, of reserve force. The student's life is too often restless, hurried, over-anxious, over-conscientious. These faults spring from the very virtues of the college, from the power to see and the will to desire much, but, none the less, they are faults. Could we only have learned as students to do one thing at a time, and to put only a fair proportion of our strength into the doing, instead of burdening each hour with the anxieties of the twenty-four, we should now as teachers and as mothers be stronger, more intelligent, more helpful women.

Guests at the Commencement exercises of last June remarked on the

physical condition of the graduates, and the remarks were not what we would desire to hear. This is not because the gymnasium fails to do good work — rather because it does too good. The tense mental condition must find its relief in physical culture and development and the gymnasium should furnish this relief, but there, too, the girls work with the same intensity, forgetting that it is the place for reaction from the constant action of college life. Stop hurrying! draw a deep, full breath; forget all but the one hour's work and be happy.

As Mr. Durant walked through the wide, rolling meadows within our grounds and the quiet bits of woodland where the gray squirrel stops in one's path and looks about with quiet, fearless eyes; as he looked out on Waban water, so quietly beautiful, he must have felt that his great gift to his beloved was restfulness. How are we using this part of our inheritance?

LOUELLA SMITH BRAILEY, '86.

EARTH'S DAY.

The joy of earth's morning exultant
In song poured its heart into mine;
" There's nothing in life like the loving,
And loving makes living divine!"

The night of earth's sorrow is hymning
The song of the Christ-heart in mine:
" There's nothing in life but the loving,
And loving makes living divine!"

FRANCES LANCE, '92.

SHAKESPEARE'S TREATMENT AND USE OF THE ELEMENTS IN NATURE.

WE are so accustomed to consider Shakespeare as the great delineator of human nature, in all its variety and complexity, that we are in danger of overlooking, to some extent, his treatment of the external world. That he did have intimate acquaintance with the secrets of Mother Nature, and that he loved her, is clearly evident when we turn to a special study of that side of his work. He loved the country sights and sounds, the green forests and silver streams, the songs of birds and the murmur of winds and waters. The flowers received his minute attention, even to the noting of

the "crimson drops i' the bottom of a cowslip," or the delicate veining in violet petals, like "the lids of Juno's eyes"; he knew their seasons and habits, and dressed them out in quaint old legends and many a dainty fancy of his own. Perhaps most of all he observed and loved the elements themselves, the winds and the sea, the sun and the moon, with their many phases and their mighty influence over the realm of nature. Of the numerous references to nature in Shakespeare's dramas more than half are given to the elements, while many scenes are placed directly under their influence, as, for example, the storm scenes of "The Tempest," or the moonlight scenes of the "Merchant of Venice" and "Midsummer Night's Dream." The explanation for this predominating choice of the elements in nature may be found by studying the treatment and use of nature in Shakespeare's hands.

We find his treatment of nature to be almost wholly subjective, the allusions always colored by the character or mood of the speaker from whose lips they come. Thus, to Juliet night is always gentle and favorable; she is "loving, black-browed night," who brings the lovers to each other's arms and shelters them from detection. To Lady Macbeth, on the other hand, night is the accomplice of crime, concealing and smothering evil in her thick pall of darkness. In consequence of this subjective standpoint, nature is almost invariably personified, sometimes according with old mythological tales, but more often endowed with human characteristics and passions by Shakespeare's own masterly imagination.

Nature in this guise becomes the source of both artistic and dramatic effect when joined with the human story of the drama. Shakespeare creates with it the environment and atmosphere of the human nature which he portrays, making the one reflect and intensify the other, and blending the two into perfect harmony. Such is the impression produced by the love scenes between Jessica and Lorenzo, the beauty and peacefulness of the human relations surrounded and filled with the beauty and peacefulness of the moonlight night.

Thus, we expect to find a difference both in the treatment and in the use of nature with the change of subject, as we turn from one drama to another, and, on a large scale, as we pass from one period of Shakespeare's writing to another. The earlier plays have an out-of-door atmosphere, and are full of poetical references to nature. An example here is "Love's Labor's Lost,"

where the scene is laid wholly in the park of the royal palace. As we enter the second period, we find ourselves shut in among city walls, or surrounded by the smoke and din of battle, excepting, of course, the two or three "sunny comedies" of this time, which we shall consider later. The intense absorption of the mind in the human struggles and problems of the third period dramas leaves little room for thoughts of what is outside of man himself; all interest is centered in the soul-life. Here the function of external nature, when it appears at all, is to reflect the atmosphere of the human passion, and of this we have most striking illustration in Macbeth and King Lear, as we shall see in another part of this paper. It is with a sigh of relief that we pass out from the stifling air of these periods into the out-of-doors freshness of the last group of plays. Here we breathe the invigorating sea-breeze, we roam among the mountains, or gather flowers in summer lanes. With the sweetening and reconciling of human relations, we return to the wholesome, comforting influence of Mother Nature.

From this brief suggestion as to Shakespeare's attitude towards nature we may derive an explanation of his common use of the elements in nature, with which division of the subject this paper is concerned. We have seen that nature is treated subjectively and in a way to furnish an harmonious surrounding for the human nature of the dramas. In the elements Shakespeare found a close correspondence to the passions and struggles of the human soul, and recognized their influence on the human temperament: soothing, exciting, inspiring, grating harshly upon moods opposed to their own in feeling, harmonizing with and intensifying those that resemble themselves. It is to this phase of nature, therefore, that we turn, in order to gain the clearest conception of the characteristics of Shakespeare's treatment of nature. Let us first consider, apart from their immediate connection with the dramas, the characters of the elements as created by Shakespeare, and afterwards study their function as a vital part of artistic and dramatic effects.

Looking first at the winds, we find them almost invariably personified, all showing a distinct family trait—impetuosity and indulgence of passion. The Summer Wind appears chiefly in the lighter plays, as best agrees with his own nature, for he is a lover. He makes love to the trees and flowers, creeping unseen among their leaves and bestowing upon them his sweet

caresses. But he is an inconstant fellow and veers from one mistress to another with every varying gust of passion. Now he plays the wanton, embracing the fair ships that sail so proudly out of port, relying on his favor, but returning, alas! "Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind." In fairyland we find him in the role of piper at the fairy revels; but when the little people will not dance to his whistling, he puffs away in spite and sucks up fogs from the sea to quench the merry sport. His brother, the servant of Winter, is as bitter and churlish as he is hot-headed and lover-like. With his rude breath and icy fang he chills and nips the unprotected traveler and "feelingly persuades us what we are." The Storm Winds, however, are the ones that we know best in Shakespeare's dramas, as representing the conflict and tumult of human life. Now they are mutinous and contentious among themselves, now spend their united fury upon the "proud trees," or turn their rage against the defenceless head of man. When the tempest is approaching, the wind announces his coming with a trumpet blast. Day frowns and the heavens grow wrathful and grim. The ominous whistling of the wind now becomes a howl of fury, as the storm fiends spring forth to their mad work, joining with the nimble lightnings, "vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts," to create the wild confusion of earth and sky. At sea the winds show even more their mighty strength, taking

> "The ruffian billows by the top,
> Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them,
> With deafening clamour, in the slippery clouds."

Contrast this most poetical and subjective description with another, one of the few *objective* ones, in the words of the clown in "The Winter's Tale." "I am not now to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point." The picture is the same in both cases, yet the difference in the character of the two speakers, King Henry the Fourth and the shepherd's son, is well marked by their different interpretations.

We have just had a glimpse of the sea in its angry mood, in conflict with wind and storm. What is its own nature, as Shakespeare shows it to us? Scarcely ever is it beautiful or friendly. Once it is mentioned as the silver setting to the precious jewel of England, once as the mirror in whose trans-

parent bosom the moon sees her reflection; but these are single instances and both objective. To Richard, the sensitive poet-king, the sea seems rough and rude, as also to Oberon, the dainty monarch of fairyland. Usually, however, the sea has its own distinct character, and is shown in its cruel aspect. It is a monster, fierce, inexorable; its billows, monstrous heads with tossed and curling manes, ever roaring after their prey with "enrag'd and foamy mouth." It is never surfeited, always greedy, impatient, cruel. Surely, Shakespeare must have known the sea in all its moods and phases. How else could he tell of the sea sounds, the chafing of the murmuring waters on the "unnumbered pebbles," the roar of the breakers, the deafening clamor of the storm? Or how describe the turbulent surge, flecked with "embossed foam"; the curled crests of the waves, tossed in spray by the wind, like the mane of a wild horse; or, the "impetuous haste" with which the incoming tide creeps up and "eats the flats"?

In his treatment of the sun and moon, Shakespeare has held quite closely to the mythological imagery and personification. The sun is the monarch of day, the "fiery Titan," who drives his chariot in triumphant progress through the heavens, scattering usurping clouds in anger from his path. He brings warmth and cheer and honesty into the world, and banishes the foul spirits and fouler human wretches that work their ugly deeds in the darkness of night. The breaking of day is most wonderfully described. First,

> "Gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
> Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,"

and the lark soars up to Heaven, heralding day's approach. As the rosy glow streams up brighter and clearer, evil shapes of darkness slink away to their coverts, in fear of the all-searching eye of day's monarch, who "darts his light through every guilty hole." There is a moment of quivering expectation, as the east turns from rose to gold, while "jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops." Then the sun rides forth in his blazing chariot, darkness is vanquished, and "proud day" holds the world in joy and mirth. At evening, the sovereign of light draws near the western gate, and, as loath to leave his realm, lingers a moment and "makes the welkin blush" ere he says good night.

Now earth is beneath the sway of the moon, "thrice-crowned queen of night." She is a maiden, cold, chaste, beautiful, Diana's self. In nature,

she is the "governess of the floods"; in the human heart, the "sovereign mistress of true melancholy." Night is gentle and kind when the moon is present, full of beauty and romance, peopled with fairies and sheltering true lovers. But other nights are there, full of terror; now tyrannous in storm, now wrapping the earth in a blackness beneath which she conceals her creatures, ghosts, witches and evil spirits and the vilest of human kind.

Such are the elements in themselves as Shakespeare has given them to us, endowed with almost human personality. But this is only the material with which the master-builder constructs his wonderful scenery, the setting for the drama of human life. As we turn to study his use of nature, in its relation to different scenes and to whole plays, we are drawn by the fascination or the grandeur first of one scene, then of another, until we scarcely know where to choose our illustrations. However, while many dramas have single scenes that well show the power of Shakespeare to make external nature reflect and intensify the mood of the human soul, yet a few stand out pre-eminent for their atmosphere and coloring. If I were asked to paint a picture symbolizing each of the dramas that I have chosen for illustration I could easily choose my colors. King Lear should be painted in storm colors, confused masses of black and gray, with vivid flashes of the lightning's red. Macbeth should be black; Romeo and Juliet is dark, but with a soft, rich darkness like a summer night's sky, touched with the melancholy radiance of moonlight; the Midsummer Night's Dream is all in moonlight colors, white and shining; and As You Like It is green, the green of forest trees, with deep, cool shadows, and here and there a gleam of sunlight gold. I have omitted one picture from my gallery, The Tempest, for that cannot be painted with mortal colors. Its scenes are painted from a magic palette, and its varying colors half concealed by the sea-mist. I should rather, if I could, put it into music, that would sing out the song of the winds and the sea with a minor strain of the earth-born passion, growing faint and fainter as it neared the end, and the magic music of Ariel woven in and out through the whole. In The Tempest we never lose the ocean-sound. At first, we are on a ship, tossing and shivering on angry waters, baffled by conflicting winds, stunned by crashing thunder-peals. While we sit in the magician's cave, listening to Miranda's appeal and her father's story of their own stormy voyage, we hear the waves

dashing upon the rocks, and the ominous wail of the wind. Even when the storm is over and the ship safely harbored, we are reminded now and then of the mighty elements, so recently roused in anger, by a low mutter of thunder, a thought of lost friends devoured by the hungry sea. Wherever we go, we find ourselves bound in by the waters, which we cannot traverse until the magic power of Prospero sets us free from the enchanted island. Is not this just the setting that we need for the human nature of the play? There has been wreck of fortune and character through the unbridled avarice of envious men. The muttering of a second storm is heard in the base plots of Antonio and Sebastion, who would fain prolong and promote the confusion. All is shut in and darkened by the power of evil desires, from which there is no escape until love and truth shall come with redeeming might. Then the magician appears with power over the elements, both within and without. So much in sympathy have the two been hitherto, that, when Miranda and Ferdinand learn love's content in each other's hearts, we cannot but feel that the sun is shining again, and the sea laying aside its wrathful ways and washing gently upon the shore. At last, when all the human conflict has been soothed and righted, we know that under Ariel's charge, with "calm seas" and "auspicious gales" we shall make a happy homeward voyage.

It is interesting to note that among the most markedly "atmospheric plays," Shakespeare has given us four nights, all different in character, and each strongly individual. King Lear is typified in the night of storm and confusion. Human affections have been distorted by ingratitude and selfish ambition, and the wickedness of his unnatural daughters has driven the poor old king out upon the open heath, defenceless in the face of the approaching storm. Then, as "servile ministers," joined with his heartless children the furies of the storm pour forth their rage upon the white head of Lear. Wind and rain strive with one another in mad conflict, vivid lightnings pierce the darkness, and the thunder crashes and reverberates, drowning all sound, and numbing every sense.

> "Things that love night,
> Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
> Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
> And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,

> Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
> Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
> Remember to have heard ; man's nature cannot carry
> The affliction nor the fear."

Thus speaks Kent, searching in distress for his feeble old master. But to Lear the storm without is but slight compared with the tempest of grief in his own soul, that

> " Doth from my sense take all feeling else,
> Save what beats there."

The rumbling thunder, the beating rain and roaring gusts of wind make a fitting accompaniment to the wild outcries of "poor Tom," the sad jests of the Fool, and Lear's fierce outbreaks, the expression of the raging sorrow within. The remainder of the play is, for the most part, enacted on the heath and at camp. With the outcasts, Gloster and Edgar, we wander over the desolate waste towards Dover cliff, and there we meet the grief-maddened king, decked with wild flowers, pitiful in his incoherent raving. The scene closes on the battle-field, where amid the desolations of war, its sullen mutterings still sounding in our ears, rest comes at last to the lives that have been so filled with storm and tumult. The tempest was ominous in its gathering, it burst with all the fury of its rage upon the helpless wanderers, it died away in bleakness, leaving pitiful destruction in its path; yet, may not a ray of sunshine have broken through the clouds, to fall on the bier of Lear and Cordelia, united at last in perfect peace and love?

I have said that I should paint Macbeth black, a black background for a soul even more densely black. The darkness of the setting seems almost to emanate from that soul, for from that soul's deeds the night gathers all its horrors. To Macbeth himself, night takes its character from his own mind; it is the time when beasts of prey are lurking for their victims, when witches pursue their evil craft, when the foul designs of man may be worked out and their dread results concealed. Night in King Lear, though terrible, was yet full of magnificent freedom, the freedom of wind and storm unrestrained in their mightiest conflict. We felt the great out-of-doors, and though awed were not afraid. Night in Macbeth is different. Darkness draws close around us like a pall, dread, stifling; inspiring us with

a gasping fear, not of the dark of nature, but of the black, murderous deeds of human hearts. The only sounds are the drowsy hum of insects, the whir of a bat's wings, the owl's shriek, and the hungry howl of the wolf. With Macbeth we seem to see fearful visions in the thick air, we shudder at the owl's cry, and start up in terror at the knock, knock, knock on the gate. Two words give the clue to the cause of this impression: "*with Macbeth.*" From his own words, his own horror-stricken acts, comes the all-pervading sense of blackness, for his personality completely masters the mind of the reader.

We gladly turn from the night of inner and outer blackness to the night of romance, dark, yet softened by silvery moonlight, as we find it in Romeo and Juliet. The scenes of Romeo and Juliet are almost all out-of-doors, in the city streets and in the orchards, yet with what a difference in atmosphere between them! The city is filled with the hot glare of the noontide sun, there is the sound of angry words and clashing steel, and the sight of bloodshed. Here we have to face the bitter hostility of the rival Capulets and Montagues. But the lover's passion does not belong to the "garish day"; only once, the time of their secret marriage, do we see them together by daylight. They meet first at night, at the Capulet ball, and later at Juliet's window. They meet after their marriage, and spend the night in sad farewell. Only once more do they meet, again at night, again to say farewell, but each as dead in the other's eyes in the tomb of the Capulets. Night is their "kindly time," the "sober-suited matron" who makes possible for them their most perfect happiness. And their night is beautiful, filled with the fragrance of southern blossoms, sweet with nightingales' melodies, softly radiant with moonlight, and withal intensely, sweetly sad. Its beauty is that of their love, so great, so deep, so perfect, that it fills the heart too full for words and makes it overflow in tears. I do not think the moon shone on that last night, or that the nightingales sang. The radiance and the song had gone out of the love, the sadness had become too deep. But the sky must have been the dark blue of that summer land, measureless in its depths, perfect in its calm and rest.

One more night of romance and moonlight has Shakespeare given us, perfect in its own way and that way different from every other. That is the night of dreams and fairies. In the Midsummer Night's Dream we

ourselves are dreamers, wandering hither and thither, led, now by the lovers' voices, now by fairy spells, bewildered and charmed by the witchery of the night. We pass by magic circles of vivid green, the fairy ball-rooms; now by beds of flowers, roses, violets, pale primroses, that breathe out fragrance upon the balmy air and reflect the moonbeams from dew-drops glistening in their cups. Here we see the distracted lovers, searching, fruitlessly, for one another, there a fairy's wing sparkles among the flowers, as she hastens to fulfil Titania's dainty bidding. Now comes the sound of Bottom's noisy song echoed by Puck's mocking laughter, then the lovers' wrangling and weeping, while strains of fairy music float around us in a fanciful web of melody. Over all and through all is the magic moonlight, flooding heaven and earth with shimmering, silvery brightness. The whole night is one of fragrance, music, light, and in it the fairies reign supreme.

I have tried to suggest briefly the important part played by external nature in Shakespeare's dramas, especially by the elements themselves. In The Tempest we have seen the ocean framing a story of the wreck and final salvation of human fortunes and human hearts. In King Lear the loneliness of the wild heath, the conflict of winds and storm, typified the desolate, storm-riven heart of the old father. Macbeth's black soul found sympathy and concealment for its evil deeds in the blackness of night. To Romeo and Juliet, on the other hand, night's darkness was friendly and gracious, made propitious by their pure and perfect love, yet tinged with the deep melancholy of their own passion. The brightest moonlight, the sweetest breath of flower-scented air filled the "Midsummer Night," where fairy hands untangled human knots, and fairy sweet-heartedness resolved all discord into harmony. Sea and storm, night in its blackness, and night filled with silver moonlight; all these we have seen. But where is the sunlight? Can we leave this study with no hint of the brightness of life? Can we believe that Shakespeare found in nature the reflection of the *passions* of human life only?

Come with me into the Forest of Arden and let us look for sunlight. When we enter here we drop every burden of discontent, every care, for a magic spell pervades the forest, and constrains everything within its borders to partake of its gladness and peace. We are in the great, happy out-of-doors. There is a sound of brooks murmuring over smooth sands, or dancing

over pebbles; of bird-songs and the hum of insects; and away in the distance the note of the huntsman's horn. A cool, green shade surrounds us and gentle breezes stir the branches overhead. But, you say, there is not one mention of sunlight! True, but what need is there? Is not Rosalind in the forest, and is not she the very spirit of sunshine? The sun could not fail to shine where she is, a fact so patent that to state it in words is unnecessary. From our earlier study we have learned that we shall find nature reproducing the mood of the human souls whose story we are reading. The spirit of "As You Like It" is wholly sweet and sunny, therefore the air is sweet with the scent of flowers and melodious with forest sounds, and the leaves, as we look up, are golden-green, while the branches, stirred by the summer breeze, part now and again and let long beams of golden sunlight fall on the head of Rosalind.

MARY BRIGHAM HILL, '93.

ATTIC GLIMPSES.

Over the city the mist looms gray,
  Smoke from the chimneys is shifting and streaming,
  The gilded Cross on the spire is gleaming —
A single rift in the cloudswept day;
And over the city the mist looms gray.

The red brick rows stand gaunt and grim —
  Sentinel posts of trade's contriving,
  While faces seamed with its craft and striving
Peer from the dark to the daylight dim,
Where the red brick rows stand gaunt and grim.

An April swallow is floating slow
  High o'er the roofs and the yellow river —
  Careless is he of the hearts that quiver
Where hurrying feet past the bridges go —
The April swallow is floating slow.

Onward presses the pilgrim throng,
  None shall know of the goal that awaits them —
  None but the Dreamer whose dream creates them,
Pouring His thought through the world along
As onward presses the pilgrim throng.

Above them Justice the balance holds,
  Her tall white form from the prison lifting —
  Little she recks of the shadows drifting —
She whom the bandage of blindness folds,
Above them Justice her balance holds.

All we would know the fog shuts out —
  What of the heart of the day's dull history —
  Glory or gloom at the core of the mystery?
Madness or vision the truth of the doubt?
But all we would know the fog shuts out.

Over the city the mist looms gray,
  Smoke from the chimneys is shifting and streaming,
  The gilded Cross on the spire is gleaming —
A single rift in the cloudswept day;
And over the city the mist looms gray.

LILLIAN CORBETT BARNES, '91.

EARLY CONNECTICUT MEANS AND MANNERS.

IT is all very well for descendants of the old Connecticut colonists to look back with pride on the achievements of their ancestors. It was a fine thing, no doubt, to establish the first genuinely democratic government with which the New World had ever been graced; it was a bright idea to write one's colonial constitution down on paper when no one else had ever thought of such a thing, and to write it so well that nearly two centuries passed away before any one saw reason to write it over again. It was something worth while to have been responsible for the most important clause in the federal constitution. Finally, we can pardon some superfluous pride in the great-grandchildren of men who get their living out of anything so utterly uncompromising as Connecticut soil. All these points in Connecticut's favor we acknowledge readily. But there are some other things over which her people secretly chuckle that are not nearly so much to their credit. For instance, a certain trade in nutmegs, which I could describe if I cared to give industrial history.

It is always suspicious when a colony or an individual passes through all manner of trying circumstances and opposing regimes without so much as a scar. We have our own name for the man who manages to sit invariably on the crest of the wave while his government goes through all the undulations

in the category. If I say that the inhabitants of Hartford, Wethersfield and Windsor evidently never believed the maxim that honesty is the best policy, I make no stronger an assertion than I mean presently to back up with illustrations, although I shall undoubtedly be met with the answer that they "reached their goal just the same," to translate a current idiom.

Away back in the dark ages of New England settlements the Bay Colony, which had already declared its position as Hub, encountered its first resistance. A handful of men, stragglers from over the water, had settled themselves around in the various Bay towns in the hope of gaining liberty of thought and action. Now, whoever knows anything about early Massachusetts knows that the Bay Colony was the very last place in which to gain liberty of any kind, and this the new settlers soon discovered. They fidgeted uneasily for a time, saying all the unpleasant things that they considered prudent, but making no remarks in a very loud voice, until at last, thinking the opportune moment to have arrived, they fashioned a most respectful address to the Massachusetts General Court, asking if they might go and take up a claim on the River Connecticut, because they were really very crowded at home and were, besides, morally certain that the Dutch would get ahead of them if they didn't go at once. The General Court responded that they might do nothing of the kind and thought no more about it. They received their answer most reverentially, no doubt looking volumes of gratitude for the denial of their wishes, and at once proceeded to go as calmly as though no such thing as a Massachusetts General Court were in existence. When the Bay Colony awoke to the situation, the birds were flown and the three towns on the Great River were happily established.

Now the Bay Fathers, before they fled from England, had drawn some very sensible conclusions from the careers of Tudor and Stuart monarchs. Among other things they adopted Elizabeth's principles that what can't be cured had better be endured as gracefully as circumstances will permit. So seeing a Connecticut colony already established, they determined to get as much good out of it as possible, and sent down a commissioner to manage the government and pretend that the home court was deeply gratified by this show of independence on the part of its subjects. When the Connecticut settlers saw the commissioner stalking across their horizon line, they probably swore some puritanical oaths, but they received him with the most loyal

of smiles. How it afterward came about no one seems entirely certain, but the fact remains that two years from that time, without a quarrel, without any perceptible friction, the last vestige of Massachusetts authority had been removed from the new plantations, and the plucky colonists were drafting their wonderful declaration of independence of 1639.

If ever a document could be drawn up disregarding completely the authority not only of every power in the New World but even of King Charles himself, that document was the Fundamental Orders of Connecticut — perhaps the settlers already scented the Puritan Revolution from afar. I mention this point in passing because in the light of subsequent events it may prove interesting.

For some years things went very smoothly with the little colony. Indeed, for obvious reasons there was not likely to be much jarring. Occasionally disagreement seemed imminent with some neighboring settlement, whereupon Connecticut at once assumed her best company manners and sent over to ask that the settlement in question would favor her with a deputy at the next General Court. After which the dispute generally died out for lack of fuel and Connecticut gained her point. One thorn in her side, however, she had, and that was the rival colony of New Haven. New Haven was rich and possessed a magnificent harbor. Her green hills were very enticing. Of course we hope that Connecticut was never unmindful of the decalogue, but it was too much for human endurance to sit by and watch the haughty straightforwardness of the rival and not feel the shadow of a hope that some day she would be come up with. The chance came with the Restoration. New Haven had been pretty outspoken in favor of the Commonwealth. So, too, had Connecticut, for that matter, but here came a difference. Whereas New Haven was too proud and too honest to bow her head, Connecticut proceeded to the most remarkable act in her whole history. She voted some money, wrote a petition, and despatched her governor forthwith to the Court of St. James. This petition was the most remarkable paper ever prepared on American soil. The Fundamental Orders do not compare with it, the Federal Constitution is eclipsed. Had it been written in York, it would have merited comment, but proceeding from the most democratic of puritan colonies, it makes us realize as perhaps nothing else would the genius for romantic fiction inherent in the early New

England farmer. Briefly stated, its contents ran somewhat as follows: Far removed as the Connecticut colonists were from the gracious splendor of His Majesty's presence, unable to bask in the glow of his royal smiles, poor also as they were in material wealth, they could neither present themselves nor yet a worthy offering at the shrine of their heart's devotion. But the one gift they had it in their power to bestow they humbly begged His Majesty to receive — the united adoration of their hearts. During the troublous times just past — so the document proceeds — they, as sheep without a shepherd, helpless and in despair, had preferred to cower behind the shelter of their own bleak New England hillsides, refusing to be ruled by any one, rather than bow to the spurious governments that had usurped the royal power. Now that the glory of England was restored etc., etc. With all of this Charles seems to have been duly impressed. No doubt his knowledge of colonial history had been somewhat blurred by the confusion of the last few years. At any rate, tradition affirms that he smiled on Governor Winthrop enthusiastically — Governor Winthrop had by this time disposed of the money furnished him by the colony — and that the two became quite boon companions during the latter's visit. Rather a peculiar combination, one might suppose.

When Governor Winthrop re-arrived at Hartford, he held in his hand a charter making Connecticut independent, mistress not only of all her own territory but of that of New Haven besides. That New Haven was surprised and not much pleased when the news reached her goes without saying. Connecticut sent over amiably and hoped New Haven would settle up her accounts and prepare for annexation as promptly as was convenient. New Haven fought, tooth and nail, but her day had come. The constant dissension within her borders and the wiliness of Connecticut without must in any case have been too much for her. She was extremely brave, however, and fought to the death. Connecticut made no direct and sustained attack. Whenever she perceived the attitude of her rival to be especially determined, she withdrew her claims for a time, ceased to send requisitions to the New Haven Assembly and fell back upon older and more congenial tactics. Agents were commissioned to visit individual New Haveners, and these journeyed from town to town. What the agents did, it does not behoove us to inquire, but New Haven's cause weakened daily. At length,

with a pathetic declaration that the colony acted under compulsion and not of its own free will, the New Haven General Court yielded and fell.

While this struggle had been going on, a little by-play, very well calculated to throw light on the character of the two colonies, was in process. Some of the regicidal judges had, after the Restoration, thought it better to come over to the colonies, and in due time had arrived in Massachusetts. Finding the reception here not quite what they could have wished, they went very sensibly on to Connecticut and New Haven. They oscillated for several months between the two colonies. Both received them with open arms, and for a time they found life comparatively pleasant. Shortly, however, a royal commissioner appeared on the scene in the inconvenient way that belonged to royal commissioners of that time. He called upon the colonies in the name of their allegiance to the King — New Haven had by this time been obliged to tender hers and had done so in as few words as possible — to deliver up the captives. New Haven drew herself up to her full height, looked the commissioner straight in the face and refused. Connecticut hustled the regicides across on to the New Haven side of the boundary, and then, assuming an air of innocent devotion, issued proclamations, warrants, threats, searched her territory from end to end, scourged herself into a furore of excitement, and only paused for breath at times when the regicides had again appeared within her borders. She deceived the Commissioner successfully, and New Haven lost what little reputation had remained to her.

But finally Connecticut found her own tables turned upon her. As she had tyrannized over New Haven by means of a royal charter, so Governor Andros attempted to tyrannize over her. Her first mild efforts after freedom, her drum corps remonstrances, having proved futile, she submitted, gracefully, as usual. The one thing which Governor Andros particularly wanted, however, the colonial charter, he did not get. Not because Connecticut fought for it. Oh, no! Simply because it was nowhere to be found. When he had gone away and the storm was over, she remembered where she had put it and brought it out and used it again.

There are a great many other stories, equally interesting, to be found in early Connecticut history, but I promised no more than the illustration of a point and I have given enough for that. Connecticut does not seem to

have learned lessons as other young things do. She knew all from the start. She knew when she left Massachusetts just as well as she knew under Governor Andros, and she never forgot, nor slipped, nor was absent-minded. She never struck till she had to strike, she never spoke till she had to speak, she never failed to see all the opportunities in her way and to take advantage of every one. And so, when I stand on a Connecticut hill-side, resting, gently green and soft and sweet in the warm haze of a summer morning, when I smile down upon the shimmering grass blades and the little delicate flowers, and know that a foot beneath the soil lies flinty rock, stern and uncompromising as ever rock was made, I remember that I am in the land of steady habits, the birthplace of American democracy, the country that never yielded the sceptre from its people's hands,— and that made the wooden nutmeg.

ANNIE B. TOMLINSON, '93.

THE CALIPH'S QUEST.

THERE was joy in the streets of Bagdad, for after long years the good sultan, Haroun Alraschid, sat once more on the throne of the prophet, and once more peace and prosperity smiled on the land of the faithful. Under his wise rule industry revived and commerce flourished; the husbandman reaped rich harvests, and the merchants made long and prosperous voyages; fruits and grains, silks and velvets poured into the fortunate city from all directions; in every street were seen the evidences of prosperity, and from every house came the sounds of music and feasting.

Haroun Alraschid alone seemed to derive no satisfaction from the prosperity he had created. Perhaps his courtiers had lost the art of interesting their royal master; perhaps the smiles of the fair Sultana were less dazzling than of old, or, perhaps, the spirit of these latter days had reached him even through the tranquil magnificence of an Oriental court, making him dissatisfied with that which he had formerly found all-sufficient. Certain it is that the cloud on his brow grew darker, and he listened but coldly to the plans his nobles daily proposed for his amusement. Mesrour alone seemed able to please him, and he was constantly called to the royal presence.

"How is it, Mesrour," said the Sultan one day, "that all my possessions are powerless to make me happy? All that man can desire is mine, yet I am not content."

"Commander of the Faithful," replied Mesrour, "contentment is an herb that does not grow for monarchs. We say of a sovereign 'he was wise,' 'he was wealthy,' he was powerful,' but never 'he was content.'"

"If contentment must remain forever unknown to me," said the Sultan, "yet would I fain see it in some one else. None of those about me are satisfied, I think; they enjoy their present possessions, but they are ever striving to gain more. Mesrour! once more will we disguise ourselves and go forth as when we sought adventures of old, but now we will seek for a contented man."

"So be it," replied Mesrour; and on the morrow the twain began their search. They had journeyed far to the west, when one evening they drew near to a stately mansion. It stood in the midst of a park, and as the tired wanderers made their way up the avenue each step revealed new scenes of beauty. They were hospitably received. Their host assembled his friends to do them honor, and far into the night they sat feasting and talking. And ever, as the hours passed on, Haroun's wonder grew, for, as he learned from those about him, his host had begun life as a friendless, penniless boy, and all that he possessed he had won for himself. Now, far and wide, the land around belonged to him; for him hundreds of men tilled the ground or toiled beneath its surface; his agents were busy through all the land, and fleets sailing to the remotest parts of the world brought their treasures to swell his coffers. He lived in more than princely luxury, and spent money as freely as he made it. Small wonder that he was flattered and envied, that women bestowed their brightest smiles upon him and men bowed down before him.

The next morning Haroun prepared to depart. "Thou hast already placed me under a heavy obligation," said he to his host, "yet I must beg thee to increase the debt. Answer me one question, I pray. Thou hast all that man can desire — wealth and honor and friends and power. Tell me, art thou content?"

The rich man sighed. "No," he said, "I am not. Much that I long for money cannot buy, and even my riches, to gather which I have given up my whole life, are not secure. Every year I meet with heavy losses through the carelessness or dishonesty of others, and I am never certain that some stroke of misfortune may not sweep away all that I have accumulated by years of toil. No, I am not content."

"Commander of the Faithful," said Mesrour, as they passed down the avenue, "we have made a mistake. Why should we think to find a man satisfied because he is rich? Thy own experience has shown that neither wealth nor rank can give happiness, for who has greater riches or higher position than thou? Let us rather seek contentment among men of genius. A man who is conscious that he possesses a gift straight from the hand of God, who can clothe in glowing words what others can only feel, on whose writings a people hang entranced, and who sustains the weary, consoles the sad and inspires the flagging by his words — should not he be happy? Such a one dwells in yonder city; let us seek him and see whether he is content."

"Thou hast spoken well," answered the Sultan, and they took their way toward the city.

That evening they stood before the poet, and the Sultan bowed low in involuntary homage to the lofty spirit which shone through his face. For as any poet stands far above ordinary men, so this man stood far above ordinary poets. It was not only that his genius was greater than theirs, but he had guarded it as a sacred gift, a weapon to do valiant service in the strife of good and evil. Never had he used his talent to render vice less repulsive or to condone evil because it was picturesque. His own character — lofty, enthusiastic, unfaltering — breathed through every line of his writings, and no one ever rose from their reading without feeling the thrill of higher resolves and nobler impulses. He had won the admiration and love of thousands, but at the Sultan's question his face darkened and he answered, sadly enough, "No, I am not content. There is so much to be done and life is so short, and my power is so slight against the follies, the meannesses and the hard, grinding necessities which make the lives of men so barren and unsatisfactory. There is so much that is helpful which I cannot express, so much that is noble to which I cannot attain. If I could make my own life what I would have it, if I could show mankind the worthlessness of the trifles they value so highly, if I could teach them the grand truths which might govern each life and make it an unbroken harmony, I would be content, but as it is ——"

"Mesrour," said the Caliph, as they resumed their quest, "there is an old saying, 'Happiness is a bird which nests in low bushes.' Let us see if we cannot find among the lowly that content which we seek in vain among the

great," and soon they found themselves in the cosy little room which served as kitchen and parlor combined for a prosperous young mechanic. A bright and pleasant little room it was, with its clean-swept floor, its clear fire burning in the polished stove, its neat muslin curtains and flowers in pots at the window. On one side of the fire a brisk, cheerful little woman sat knitting busily while her husband opposite was laughing at the pranks of a baby who had just discovered that his feet were meant for walking. Surely this was a scene of peace and contentment, yet when the Caliph put his question to the young father he, too, replied in the negative.

"No," he said, "I am not content. I must make a name and a place for myself in the world. I must make money enough to bring up my family, to give them advantages I have never had, and to support my wife and myself when I can work no more. There is much that I must do before I can be content."

The Caliph sighed a little wearily as they again set forth. Far and wide they traveled and many and various were the people they questioned, but the answer was always the same. The wise, the good, the great, as well as the poor, the foolish and the wicked were unsatisfied. Wealth could not purchase content, nor could poverty secure it. The man who devoted his life to others and the man who never gave a thought to any but himself, the millionaire and the men who served him, the man of science who spent weary years in trying to penetrate a little farther into nature's mysteries, and the man whose only thought was how to gain his daily bread, all gave the same answer to the Sultan's question. None were satisfied. Each was striving to reach some goal, and when that was gained each found that contentment was still far distant, until the Sultan, weary and discouraged, was almost ready to give up the quest.

One evening the pair were traveling in a wild, mountainous region. They had missed their way and a thunderstorm was impending. More and more threatening grew the clouds, wilder and more rugged grew the way, and anxiously they sought some shelter. At last they saw a dwelling in the distance and hastened to it. As they drew near they could not but notice the air of poverty and neglect which hung about the place. The house was a miserable cabin built of unhewn logs; the fence about the place was falling to pieces; the gate, one hinge broken, sagged forlornly against

its post; near by were several fields where corn and tobacco struggled with the invading weeds for a scanty sustenance. Everywhere were the traces of indolent neglect.

As the travelers approached, a swarm of half-starved dogs rushed out, barking, howling and yelping. Their noise brought the owner of the cabin, a tall, grizzled mountaineer, to the door. He received them hospitably enough, bade his wife set before them what cheer the house afforded, and soon they were seated by a blazing fire, listening to the storm that raged without.

"Friend," said the Caliph, "thou hast done me good service in sheltering me from that tempest, and I would fain reward thee. Tell me, what can I do for thee?"

"Thank you for the offer," said their host, "but I do not ask a reward for giving a traveler a night's lodging; besides, there is nothing that I need."

"But thou art poor," said the Caliph, "and I have money and power enough to do for thee whatsoever thou wilt. Shall I not remove thee to a place where thou canst do something more than to gain a bare living?"

"Why should I wish to remove?" asked the man. "My farm gives me enough to support me, and I live as well as my fathers did."

"But this is a lonesome place," said the Caliph, "and thy children are growing up without education, without companions, without advantages of any sort."

"No," replied their host, "the place is not so lonely as it looks. We have neighbors in the mountains about us; and as for my children, they have as many advantages as I had. What would be the good of educating them up above their parents. I thank you kindly for your offer, but I want nothing."

The Caliph glanced in amazement around the wretched room with its earthen floor, its shabby furniture, its broken windows stuffed with rags. He looked at the group of children, almost as wild, as untrained and as ignorant as the savage creatures of the mountains outside; he looked at the slatternly, dejected woman who was their mother; and as his eyes rested on their host himself, ragged, unkempt, uncouth, he caught Mesrour's whisper:

"Commander of the Faithful, our quest is ended, we have found a contented man!"

RANDOM BITS.

WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

"What makes me mad," remarked the chief, energetically, "is the way people will insist on considering everything that is far off beautiful and romantic, while they can't see anything but the commonplace and the absurd in what lies right about them. People are fools, anyhow!"

"For instance?" asked the subordinate, cautiously.

"For instance," returned the chief. "You know Dr. B. of course, and how much philanthropic work he does. He's a good man, too, only, like all the philanthropists, he thinks that people who live like brutes ought to reason like sages and act like saints. He told me, the other day, of a poor old woman he had helped out of the slums on to a farm, where she was sure of light work and a comfortable living. Well, in about a month he found her back in the city, half starved and wholly miserable, and when he reproached her for leaving the home he had got for her, all she could say was: 'I couldn't help it, sir, indeed. I just couldn't live in the country; there wasn't anything there, not even a hand-organ.' Oh, yes, you may laugh; of course it sounds absurd. But suppose she had been a Swiss peasant pining for the rush of the mountain streams and the echo of the horns among the cliffs, wouldn't you have thought it very beautiful and pathetic? and how does this differ from that, except in name? And then think of the tragedy of it. Think how she had been cheated out of her birthright, how all her natural love of beauty and order and cleanliness had been dwarfed and starved, until the glory of the sunrise and sunset was meaningless to her, and the sweep of the wind through the forest and the song of the birds and the beauty of the springtime and the grandeur of the eternal hills were less to her than the noises of the street and the tawdry fineries of a cheap theatre. That's the way we treat the poor; first rob them of all that makes life worth having, and then blame them or laugh at them because they are what we made them."

The subordinate thought there was a good deal to be said against this wholesale tirade but the chief was growing excited, so he wisely held his peace.

* * * * * * *

I was pacing up and down the floor, thinking hard. There before me lay

what I wanted to do, and like an impassible wall between it and me rose what I must do. What I wanted to do was so good and desirable in every way, and I had planned for it and looked forward to it for so long, and now, slowly, inevitably, I was being constrained into another path. Could I not oppose the force of circumstance, evade it, escape it in some way? What should I do? What could I do?

A fluttering sound caught my attention. A moth was beating itself against the window glass, seeking to reach the outer air again. Putting my hand above it I tried to drive it down to the lower half of the window, which was open. No, it would not go; again and again it dashed under, over, around my hand. "What a fool it is!" I thought, impatiently, "It wants to get out and I want to help it out, and here it is acting as if I were its worst enemy," and seizing a sheet of paper I succeeded in forcing the moth, much against its will, down to the opening. I watched it fly away through the fresh air and sunshine, and then I fell to pacing up and down the room again, wondering what I could do.

* * * * * * *

"Make room for me," said the cap and gown to the pretty fall hats and Eton jackets, as the former swept down the aisle, "I've come to stay!" Fickle Fashion saw the dignity and trembled. Nay, more — it doffed its hat to Learning and sat no more on the front seats.

Then the Chapel gave a black look and the organ stopped too soon.

Not long, however, for bad weather threatened. The cap hurriedly threw its tassel over the wrong side and the gown gathered itself together from the ends of the four winds and silently disappeared, while the fifteen dollar mackintosh and the new umbrella reigned in their stead.

Now in their wrath the fall hats increased in size and the Eton jackets swelled in their sleeves. Sunday came and the crinoline flounced down the aisle, and the artificial roses bloomed again among the startling bows of ribbon.

Then did jaunty Fashion rule on the front seats.

A RECIPE.

A tablet of paper, a bottle of ink,
And a pen upon which you rely,
A pencil that boasts a fine, sharp point,
And a scratch-blank conveniently nigh.

A subject of course. You may choose from the world,
The universe lies at your call,
Things in the Heavens above, in the earth beneath,
In the waters under them all.

Th' ingredients now lie close to your hand,
But you'll gain no reward for your pains
Till you mix them as Turner his colors combined;
You must, indeed, mix them with brains.

And then, if the proper proportion's applied,
You will see the desire of your dream;
And may feel all the bliss of a justified pride,
As you gaze on one more Daily Theme!

ISABELLA CAMPBELL, '94.

IN MEMORIAM.

On the morning of June 26th there came to the friends of Helen Bruce this message: "One of the rarest, sweetest lives has passed from us; passed as trustfully and peacefully as it was lived." Three weeks before, Helen had left Worcester for Salem, intending to stay only a few days. She went full of bright hopes that the doctors in Salem Hospital might be able to stay the strange weariness that daily increased. Loving friends were around her. But neither love nor skill availed, and consumption did its fatal work with unprecedented rapidity. She had, in truth, never recovered from the severe illness of last February, which interrupted her work in the Woman's Medical College of New York. The following convalescent months were spent in awaiting the arrival of a younger brother from India, and in May we welcomed them both in Worcester.

To those who knew her, and at whose request I write these necessarily imperfect words, it seems needless to say that the same clearness of purpose and consecration of her energies to a high ideal, that marked her life here, characterized her after life. This may be learned from her own words: "It may be narrowing to keep in mind the one object so intently. But I believe it is the only way I can become a successful physician and be the most to my India people. . . . I am glad of that long illness. I never knew before what weakness meant, and fancy a physician with no personal

experience of sickness! . . . One of the reasons I am glad to go to the hospital is, that I shall see the life there from an invalid's standpoint, and it will be helpful to me in future." A summer vacation was spint in a city hospital to test her fitness for her chosen profession. Last winter, when the struggle for life seemed futile and the end inevitable, she said, calmly, "I am ready; I thought I was to work here, but Jesus knows best. Some one else is to do it better than I." When, contrary to all expectations, she recovered, her joy and zest in living and renewing hopes was as intense as her resignation had been perfect. This hopefulness and eagerness increased with increasing weakness. All thought was centered on getting well and being able to re-enter the Medical College in October. The possibility of not recovering did not occur to her. "I am sure I shall get well," she said, brightly. "God would not have raised me to life last winter — given me strength to go to Worcester and now come to Salem, did he not mean me to get well, to go on with my work."

To her loved work in the India of her childhood, the India of all most dear to her, almost her last thoughts were given. "Who will take my work? Can my death do more than my life? But Thy will be done. Will not some of my friends take my place?"

The self-lessness, the strength, withal the gentle sweetness and harmony of her character were a revelation of what a life may be. Yet this life was so quietly complete that only those who knew her best could see the wonder of its symmetry. The memory of the glow on the fair spirit touched countenance, as she spoke of the wonderful peace of the time when she stood in the Valley of the Shadow — "The sense of Christ's nearness was worth a life-time of pain" — is most precious to her friends. It remains an earnest of the unknown future, to which she turned so trustfully when she said: "A loving good-by to all my friends."

Miriam Wickwire Newcombe.

Editorial.

I.

ONCE again we stand on the threshold of a new college year. Our hands are on the opening door, and we peer with wistful eyes into the treasures lying all along the shadowy depths. There rush swift memories of those who trod these ways most nobly just a little while ago, and then went bravely forth to other duties and to unknown battles. With loving hearts we think of two who passed us all by a swifter journey, and have entered upon a larger service and a greater good. To each of us the misty outlook bears a different aspect. For some this college year will be the last and, laden with experience both glad and sad, we earnestly resolve that it shall be our best. To many it must be the first, and within enfolded lie great possibilities and a world of hope. To all may the new year prove the brightest in fair Wellesley's lengthening calendar!

II.

THE editorial "we," like the cloak of invisibility, confers special privileges on its user, and one of the greatest of these is that of setting forth the duties of other people and of complaining if the audience addressed fails to live up to the editor's conception of its responsibilities. To be sure, the audience seldom does rise to the level of the editorial standards and is prone to be discouragingly indifferent to both expositions and reproaches; nevertheless, as such appeals seem to be recognized as forming a conventional part of an editor's duty we shall follow in the beaten path, hoping that this first issue of the year will find our readers in a susceptible frame of mind.

And first, a word to the alumnæ. It befell this summer that a certain Wellesley editor, sitting in the Wellesley headquarters at the World's Fair, overheard two alumnæ of some years' standing severely criticising the MAGAZINE, there on file; and the burden of their complaint was that it did not contain a sufficient number of alumnæ notes. "What we want," they agreed, "is something which would keep us in touch not only with the college as it is now, but with the college which we knew, which would tell

us of the whereabouts and well-being of the classmates who passed out with us and the friends whom we left behind. Such news we want, and if the MAGAZINE would only print that, it would meet the desires of the alumnæ far better than now, when it insists on being literary." The editor sighed as she listened, for she had heard the same objection raised against the MAGAZINE before and she recognized its justice. Of course the alumnæ want most to hear of their friends, and such news ought to form a prominent feature of the MAGAZINE, but — how are the editors to get it? The alumnæ editor transforms herself into a walking interrogation point, personal friends among the alumnæ are driven to the verge of distraction by appeals for items, secretaries of Wellesley Associations are written to; but still the supply of information obtained falls all too short. The editors would gladly invent a dozen pages of such notes monthly, if that would meet the exigences of the case, but as that arrangement does not seem likely to be satisfactory, it will have to rest with the alumnæ themselves to decide how much of this news the MAGAZINE shall have. It is in the matter of sending in information concerning themselves and their friends that the alumnæ as a whole fall below the editorial standard of perfection. There are exceptions of course; there are alumnæ to whom the editors will be forever grateful for their liberal communications, but alas! they only emphasize the neglect of the others. Surely, alumnæ friends, it would not be much trouble to drop a card or even to write a letter to the editor in charge of the department, setting forth any facts which may have come to your knowledge concerning the location or welfare of a former Wellesley student. If you will only do this we, on our part, will promise to print all such news we can get, even though we should have to enlarge the MAGAZINE for the purpose. More than this we cannot do, for alumnæ news does not grow on college soil; it can be obtained only from without — and we are within.

And now, enlarging our circle to include those still within the college, we have another appeal to make. A college magazine, to fairly represent the institution, should be supported by the contributions of all classes, from the freshman to the faculty. To leave it to depend on the efforts of the few, who are supposed to possess a special gift for writing, manifestly interferes at once with its representative character, and throws an unfair amount of work on those who are willing to sustain it. In many ways the students of

Wellesley College aid the MAGAZINE warmly and generously, but in the matter of writing for it they fail to display that enthusiasm we would gladly see. It is discouraging, certainly, to work hard over an article and then have it rejected, but it is by no means necessary to conclude beforehand that the article is sure to be refused and that therefore it is useless to write it. Modesty is an excellent virtue, but it may be carried too far. It would be natural to suppose that in a woman's college it would be particularly easy to obtain graceful, delicate verse, or clearly written, forcible articles on any subject desired, and yet experience shows that here the reverse is true; the students, as a body, seem willing to do anything rather than write. It is a notable fact that in "Cap and Gown," the book of college verse reviewed elsewhere in this issue, there are only three poems from the Wellesley Prelude, while the Vassar Miscellany furnishes eight and most of the men's colleges, even when smaller than Wellesley, have contributed far more to its contents than our Alma Mater. Now we do not believe that the Wellesley students are inferior in literary ability to those of any other college, only, for some reason, the same interest is not taken in literary efforts here as elsewhere. Cannot we make at least an attempt to alter this during the present year? Why should not the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE become as well known in the college world for its verse as the Brunonian, for its short stories as the Southern Collegian, or better still, why should it not become as favorably known for the general excellence of its contents as any one of the established magazines is for its specialty? This can be done if the students care to do it, but do they? That is a question which only time can solve; for its answer we are anxiously waiting.

III.

WERE the fabled Senior Dignity much more unsupportable than it really is, the presence of the cap and gown would give it firm foundation. The wearer of such insignia feels resting upon her sable shoulders the weight of Senior Responsibility, and to rush through the corridors, to be late to Chapel, or to flunk in recitations takes on a heinousness quite unknown before. Then, too, the fact of Senior Importance is borne in upon her consciousness in many little ways. The cap and gown pass first into the elevator, after the faculty. No longer can the freshmen commit the

grievous error of mistaking a senior for one of their own organization. No! she is marked and set apart, with all the delight and burdens of the new position.

IV.

WE have noticed, during the last few months, that the attraction of the purely literary and social parts of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE has been so great as to prevent our readers from noticing a more useful, if dryer, portion. Though deeply appreciating the delicate compliment implied, we feel obliged, for the good of our readers themselves, to protest, and to beg that, in this issue, the advertisement department, that hand-book of useful information, may receive special attention.

This department should have a special interest for every Wellesley girl. In the first place, it affects her pleasure in the MAGAZINE itself, for it is only by means of these ads. that the MAGAZINE can be offered at the present terms. In the second place, these ads., if rightly used, give information by which the best articles may be obtained at the cheapest rates and with the least waste of time, on those precious Mondays given up to shopping.

The MAGAZINE aims to advertise only the best and most reliable firms; its success must depend upon the co-operation of the individual Wellesley girls. Several firms have refused to renew their advertisements this year, because they say, "we cannot afford an investment which brings us in no return." It is useless to argue that Wellesley girls, in great numbers, do trade with them. The atmosphere of Wellesley College may be heavily charged with intellectuality; but alas! Wellesley is not a suburb of Chicago, and its members are not intuitively distinguishable from the shopping Bostonians. We ask our readers, therefore; firstly, to examine the ads. in this number of the MAGAZINE; secondly, to note the firms whose names appear there and to trade with those firms, whenever it is possible; thirdly, to follow every purchase with a mention of the MAGAZINE of their Alma Mater.

V.

THE fiercest conflicts have not been waged on bloody battle-fields, where foe met foe in deadly grapple. Oh, no, but in the domain of the Schedule Committee. All honor to the vigilant insight and mathematical

genius which won for us many a hard fought victory, while simultaneously we drop one bitter tear over the corses of sundry cherished electives, left stark and stiff upon the hot contested ground. No ode will immortalize their memory. No one will ever know what great heights we might have attained in their service. Yet here and there, in loyal hearts, their name will not be entirely forgotten.

The Free Press.

I.

In the short time during which college has been in session, the students have already received several lectures on the necessity of forming business-like habits, more especially in regard to such matters as being on time for chapel, attending regularly and promptly, all appointments, and the like. All that has been said on the subject is very true, and no one can deny that college life would be rendered much pleasanter, would the students, individually and collectively, follow these injunctions; but we should like, if we only could, to deliver these lectures over again with special emphasis, for the benefit of the faculty. We do not now wish to emphasize the custom some of our respected instructors have of serenely continuing their lecture or recitation for five or six minutes after the bell has rung for the close of the period; that is an annoyance, but it affects the instructors for the next period perhaps even more than ourselves. No, what we would complain of is the slight regard shown by some of our faculty for their posted office hours. There is hardly a student in college but could tell, if she would, sad tales of the time wasted in waiting for this or that teacher, who, according to the statement posted by herself, should be in a given spot at a given hour, but who either fails to keep her appointment altogether, or else does not appear until her "office hour" is too nearly passed for any subject to be seriously discussed. This is certainly unbusiness-like; is it not also inconsiderate and selfish? Might it not almost be called a breach of faith? A teacher's time may be of more value than a student's, but it does not therefore follow that a student's time is worth nothing; yet to one who has much business with the teachers, the loss of time involved in waiting for them through their office hours becomes a really serious matter. Of course many, perhaps most, of the faculty are as careful to keep an appointment as they are to keep any promise they may make, but the exceptions, few though they may be, render life very trying at times to the student. Have we not a right to request that more business-like matters may prevail in this matter? The time of

their office hours is entirely optional with the teachers; is it asking too much to expect that they will choose hours when they may at least occasionally be able to appear? And if they cannot do this would it not be well for these teachers to give up the fiction of an office-hour, and give us the right to consult them whenever and wherever we may find them? A. D.

II.

In a matter where reform has already begun, a slight additional impetus is often all which is needed to bring the good work to perfection.

Successful efforts have been made in many of the departments to do away entirely with the use of papyrograph papers and in their place have come the printed bound outlines. The leaders in this humane enterprise have been the history and literature departments. But, unfortunately, the objectionable papyrograph papers are still in use in several departments, and the fact that they have been superseded by better things, in many cases, makes us the more impatient to be wholly rid of them. The unnecessary expenditure of time and strength which they necessitate seems sufficient reason for dispensing with their use.

Whenever a new series of papyrograph papers is given out, the instructor is obliged to go over them with the class supplying effaced or blurred words and correcting mistakes in general. The recitation period is none too long when devoted to strictly class-room work, so that to spend any share of it in mechanica details of this sort seems a lamentable waste of time. Quite as vexatious is it to be forced to go through the preliminary work of deciphering manuscript in preparation for recitation. The difficulty is especially great in the case of a foreign language. It is propably no exaggeration to say that a third of the time spent on a German lesson from papyrograph papers is taken up with puzzling out the letters and words.

The slight expense of printed outlines would be more than compensated by the relief to one's time and patience.

What a pity that the papyrograph was not invented before printing! Then it might have been duly appreciated. As it is, what use have we for it at a time when printing is comparatively inexpensive? Why not take advantage of the age in which we are living, and be legible when it is possible?

Book Reviews.

The Literature of Philanthropy. Distaff Series. Edited by Frances A. Goodale. New York: Harper Brothers.

This little volume is one of the "Series of collections of representative work of

women in the State of New York in periodical literature." . . . "A woman of eminent success in each department has been asked to make a collection of representative work in that department, to include in it an example of her own work, and to place her name upon the volume as its editor." This number of the series contains articles on seven philanthropic enterprises in which women have had an interest and in which they have been leaders.

The first is an article on "Criminal Reform," by Mrs. R. C. Lowell (Josephine Shaw Lowell), who discusses the relation of the State to its criminal class and its duty towards it. The method advocated by her is preventive rather than punitive.

The next three papers are on the "Tenement Neighborhood Idea" and are written by those who have had practical experience in this line of philanthropic work. The first by Jean Fine Spahr and Fannie W. McLean is naturally of especial interest to readers of the MAGAZINE since it gives in brief an excellent account of the College Settlement work at 95 Rivington street, New York; the second, by Helen Moore, tells us the work of Dr. Stanton Coit and the Neighborhood Guild among the foreign population in the so-called "Suicide Ward" of New York; and the third, by Dr. Mary B. Damon, shows need of medical women in tenement-house work. These three sketches give in compact form a very vivid picture of the life and character of people in these tenements and the noble work which has been begun there. Following these and closely allied is a paper on "The Trained Nurse" by Agnes S. Brennan, superintendent of Bellevue Training School for Nurses, who gives the course of training, the qualities necessary for successful nursing and the influence of this systematic and thorough training on the medical profession and various classes of nurses, missionary, district, private, etc.

An article on the "Society of the Red Cross" follows, by Laura M. Doolittle, who writes of the need of efficient hospital service in time of war, and gives an acccount of the organization and code of the Red Cross Society under the leadership of the Swiss Confederation. The history of the spread of the order brings us to the foundation of the American society, through the tireless efforts of Miss Clara Barton, and finally to the work of the society in war and peace.

"So the poor Indian" is not passed over in this enumeration of philanthropic enterprises. Mrs. Amelia Stone Quinton, president of the Women's National Indian Association, writes of the origin and development of this peculiarly women's movement and gives an account of the Missionary Home Building, Educational and Hospital Work among the Indians, as well as the intentions of

the society in regard to their future amelioration. A second paper on the same subject by Miss Elaine Goodale Eastman is entitled "A Woman Among the Indians," and presents the Indian question from "the standpoint of a woman whose knowledge is immediate and personal," and is an exceedingly interesting resumé of her life among them.

"The anti-slavery struggle" is briefly sketched in short extracts from various authors, and an article, "Educate Your Masters," by Maud Wilder Goodwin, reprinted from the Popular Science Monthly. It contains a concise statement of General Sam. C. Armstrong's work among the negroes at Hampton and other industrial and educational institutions for the negro. Another article on the same subject by Mrs. Julia Margaret Fuller Floyd follows, especially considering the relation between the two races in the South.

The last paper of the series is on "The Education of the Blind," by Mrs. Frederick Rhinelander Jones, and tells of the heroic efforts of Valentine Haüy and other philanthropists in behalf of the education of the blind. The paper includes an enumeration of the various systems for printing books for the and the special work of our American institutions.

So in this little volume we find a remarkably complete and reliable collection of philanthropic movements in concise and available form. But it does more than merely record these movements, for, as Mrs. Frances A. Goodale, the editor, says in her own article, "The Literature of Philanthropy": "The written record of philanthropic movements, individual or collective, crude or systematic, is its unit of value in guiding or in warning fresh philanthropic impulses and new undertakings. He who would choose, if circumstances have not chosen for him, that which, among the different lines of good work, he can and ought to do, may find in printed record a glorious list of man's humanities to man, all crying: 'Come over and help us!'"

* "Cap and Gown" is a dainty little volume of college verse, collected by J. L. Harrison. It's aim, according to the compiler's statement, is to represent the lighter undergraduate verse of recent years, and the selections are wisely and carefully chosen.

> "In College Verse both Love and Fun
> Now strive for foremost place,"

and both are represented in "Cap and Gown." The chief recommendation of the book lies not in the poetic merit of the selections, though in many cases this is considerable, but in the fidelity with which it presents the college atmosphere

* Cap and Gown: Some College Verse. Joseph Knight Company, Boston.

as conceived by outsiders and generally by graduates — the happy, care-free, occasionally sentimental life which is supposed to be the peculiar experience of students. For this alone, if for no other reason, the book should win a place on the shelves of every college man and woman.

Books Received.

A Laboratory Manual, by W. R. Orndoff. D. C. Heath & Co.

Apperception: A Monograph on Psychology and Pedagogy, by Dr. Carl Lang. D. C. Heath & Co.

Walter Camp's Book of College Sports. 8vo., illustrated, 329 pages, cloth, $1.75. The Century Co.

An Embassy to Provence, by Thomas A. Janvier. 12mo, 132 pages, cloth, $1.25. The Century Co.

The White Islander, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, author of The Romance of Dollard. 12mo, illustrated, 164 pages, cloth, $1.25. The Century Co.

To Gypsy Land, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. 12mo, illustrated, 240 pages, cloth, $1.50. The Century Co.

Topsy and Turvys: A book of colored pictures, by P. S. Newell, author of "Inanimate Things Animated" in *St. Nicholas*. 62 pp., $1.00. The Century Co.

The Mass. Institute of Technology. A brief account of its foundation, character and equipment, prepared in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition.

La Prise de le Bastille, by J. Michelet, edited and annotated by Jules Lugniens, Professor of Modern Languages in Yale University. Ginn & Co.

College Notes.

The usual memorial service in memory of Mr. Durant was held on Monday, Oct. 2. Dr. Mackenzie conducted the services and the address was delivered by Professor Katharine Lee Bates, '80. Miss Foss, '94, and Miss Richards, Sp., sang.

Miss Shafer gave a reception in the faculty parlor on Saturday evening, Sept. 30, in honor of the new members of the faculty.

Professor Ely, the head of the department of mathematics at Vassar, spent Sunday, Oct. 1, at the college as a guest of Dr. Webster.

On Monday, Oct. 2, Miss Millicent Pierce, '94, saved a man from drowning. Coming up from dinner early, she heard cries for help, and discovered a capsized canoe out in the lake in front of Stone Hall. She immediately rushed down to the shore, sprang into a boat, and rowed out to where the exhausted man was clinging to his canoe. With some difficulty she succeeded in bringing both the man and the boat to shore before any one came to her assistance.

Among the visitors at the college this fall have been: Emma McAlarney, '92; Sue M. Taylor, '91; Belle Morgan, '92; Grace Mix, '90-'92; Marion Perrin, '91; Mrs. Marion Parker Perrin, '91; Estelle Ward, '94; Esther Parmenter, 94; Genevieve Stuart, '92; Mrs. Edith Winslow Willett, '94; Clara Hovey, Sp.; Dora Scribner, 89; Marion Wilcox, '93; Elizabeth Hoyt, '91; Edith Bancroft, '92; Elizabeth Briggs, '92.

Miss Constance Emerson, '95, has been obliged to leave college on account of ill health.

The services on Flower Sunday were conducted by Dr. R. H. McKim, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C.

Miss Harriet Blake, '94; Miss Elizabeth Stark, '95; and Miss Alice Norcross, '95, have all been away from college for a time in order to visit the World's Fair.

The first concert of the year, Monday, Oct. 9, was a lecture recital by Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, pianist. The selections were from Beethoven, Rubinstein, Chopin, Liszt, and from Mr. Perry's own compositions.

On the morning of Tuesday, Sept. 12, the Seniors appeared at chapel in the cap and gown. Tney have decided to wear the scholastic dress throughout the whole of the Senior year.

The Christian Association of the college tendered the usual reception to the new students on the evening of Monday, Sept. 11. The first floor centre and the surrounding corridors were crowded. Conversation and the singing of some of our Wellesley songs made the short hour of the reception pass quickly.

96's greeting to her new little sister, '97, was a tiny white stick of peppermint candy, tied to a card with red ribbon. It doubtless sweetened much the bitter days of the first week at college.

Professor Lord, Miss Chase and Miss Jewett are back at college this year.

There are quite a number of new members of the faculty of the college: In the department of chemistry, Miss May Banta, '89; in the French department, Mademoiselle F. Clavel; in the botanical department, Miss Margaret Ferguson, '89-'91; in the literature department, Miss Isabel Graves, Wesleyan; in the history department, Miss Caroline Miles; in history of art, Miss Ethel Paton, '89; in the Latin department, Miss Esther Van Deman, Bryn Mawr; Mrs. Kellogg takes Miss Scudder's class in Junior Bible; and Mrs. Butler is superintendent of the general office.

College opened on Wednesday, Sept. 6, with 746 students; of these, 290 are freshmen. In this connection we clip the following interesting item from the Boston Sunday "Herald": "The new class of 100 at Wellesley College has a very appropriate membership for the centennial year of that institution. It looks almost as if it had been gotten together for the occasion."

Waban is this year a freshman house. Miss Nina L. Marshall is the superintendent, and there are twelve freshmen living there.

Hymen has been busy this vacation. During the summer, Martha, the cook at Freeman, became Mrs. Arthur of Wood; she is now presiding over the Wood kitchen.

On Monday, Aug. 8, Mr. Thomas Griffin was married to Miss Mary Morris of South Natick.

In spite of the unpropitious weather, Wellesley enjoyed three receptions on the evening of Monday, Sept. 14.

The sophomore reception was held in the first and second floor centres. Miss Shafer, Miss Baldwin, Miss Huntington, and Miss Wilt received in the reception room. The decorations were unique, and, very appropriately, an echo of the World's Fair; the Woman's Building, the Children's Building, the Horticultural Building, the Transportation Building and the Palace of Fine Arts all appeared in the first floor centre. The Horticultural Building was what is known as the

palms, and was presided over by Miss Clara Sizer. The art galleries were to be found by the west staircase, where Miss Clara Willis exhibited some pretty etchings and other works of art. The Transportation exhibit was superintended by Miss Margaret Dudley; among the conveyances were drays, wheels loaned by Mr. Duckett and other members of the Bicycle Club, trunk-trucks, a Waban boat, and dust-pan toboggans. The department which appealed particularly to '97 was the Children's Building, arranged around the statue of Niobe; that stately matron held a cat in her arms and was surrounded by a string of doll babies. Miss Rothchild took care of the children left in her charge. An array of luxurious rugs and pillows on the east staircase represented the Woman's Exhibit in charge of Miss Virginia Schoonover. The refreshments were, as far as possible, in the class colors, red and white.

The officers of the Special Organization received the first year specials in the third floor centre. Each member of the organization wore a bow of blue and white ribbon. Refreshments of ice-cream and cake were served, and music and dancing enlivened the evening.

And in order that the seniors and juniors might not be left out of the good times, the Wabanites of '94 gave them a most delightful dance in the gymnasium. Every one danced her whole programme and extras besides, and went home at last as happy as she was tired.

The Zoölogical Department has been vastly improved by the new and spacious laboratories on the fifth floor. The south centre has been partitioned off and fitted up as a laboratory and lecture room. The old laboratories are now used for Physiology.

The old village school building has been purchased by Mrs. Durant and moved over to the college grounds. It is to be fitted up and used as a cottage on the plan of the Eliot.

In June, while at the house of Professor Baehrmann in Newton, Professor A. E. F. Morgan had a severe stroke of paralysis. Her recovery has, however, been remarkably rapid, and she now expects to make her intended European trip with a trained nurse.

Many former students have returned to college to complete their course. The former members of '94 are: Miss Abell, Miss Arter, Miss Belfield, Miss Emma C. Brooks, Miss F. C. Brooks, Miss Cecilia Dickie, Miss Bessie Smith and Miss Delia Smith. Miss May Newcomb, '91, Miss Lemer and Miss Henderson, '93, and Miss Adah Hasbrook,'95, have also returned.

Norumbega celebrated Dr. Shafer's birthday anniversary on Saturday, September 23, by a Dicken's party. In the evening the senior class serenaded Dr. Shafer, and afterwards went over to Simpson to give Professor Hayes also a birthday greeting.

Professor Scudder is at present in residence at the College Settlement in Boston. She expects to remain there until December 1, when she sails for Italy to engage in literary study.

Miss Sophronisba Breckenbridge, '88, has been visiting President Shafer.

The class of '94 had their first social of the year on the evening of Saturday, Oct. 7. Tne history of the junior year was given in a comedy in five acts, entitled "The Taming of the Shrew, after Shakespeare (a long way after)."

Section books appeared on the morning of Wednesday, Oct. 11. They are of a new and more substantial kind, and bid fair to last many years to come.

Society Notes.

The initiation meeting of the Alpha chapter of the Phi Sigma Fraternity took place on the evening of Saturday, September 23. The following new members were received into the fraternity: Isabel Graves of the literature department; Sara Burroughs, '94; L. May Pitkin, '95; Harriet Baldwin, Julia H. Lyman, Alice Schouler, May Woodin, Anna Witherle, Margaret Dudley, '96, and Mary W. Miller, '97. The alumnæ members of the fraternity who were present at this meeting were: Mabel Curtis, '90; Henrietta St. Barbe Brooks, '91; Francis C. Lance, '92; Mary B. Hill and Helen G. Eager, '93.

At a social meeting of the Art Society, held in the Art Gallery September 16, the following new members were formally received into the society: Harriet Friday, '94; Alice Norcross, '95; Caroline King, '96, and Miss Bullock, special.

On Saturday evening, September 16, the Zeta Alpha Society held its first meeting of the year, at which the following new members were initiated: Mary J. Salter, '94; Helen N. Blakeslee, '95; Emily H. Brown, '96; Agnes L. Caldwell, '96; Adelaide V. Schoonover, '96; Lucy Jane Freeman, '96; Mary W. Montgomery, '96; Pearl E. Underwood, Sp., and Martha H. Shackford, '96. Fourteen alumnæ members of the society were present, and after the initiation the evening was spent in an exchange of welcomes. The visitors were Lena Brown, '90; Frances Pinkham, '93; Martha Conant, ; Bessie Cook, ; Gertrude Bigelow, '93; Mary Dennis, '93; Isabelle Sims, '93; Flora Luther, Sp., '90-'91; Cora Stuart, ; Grace Grenell, '93; Emily Meader, '91; Elizabeth Hoyt, '91; Elizabeth Blakeslee, '91.

At the regular meeting of the Classical Society, Sept. 23, the following programme was presented:

Distinctive features of Grecian architecture . Miss Chute.
The Parthenon . . . . . Miss Chapin.
The other buildings on the Acropolis . . Miss Davis.
History and characteristics of Grecian sculpture up to the age of Pericles . . . . Miss Peck.
Phidias and his sculpture . . . Miss Moulton.
The work of Praxiteles . . . . Miss Stepanek.

The first regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in the Art Building on Saturday evening, September 30, at 7 o'clock. The following new members were formally received: Elizabeth Adams, '96; Dorothy Allen, '96; Emma Christie Brooks, '95; Juliet Duxbury, '96; Virginia Sherwood, '96, and Mabel Wellman, '95. The following was the program:

Shakespeare: His Life and Times.

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Grace C. Waymouth.
II. Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway . . Caroline F. Randolph.
III. Shakespeare — the Representative Poet of the Elizabethan Era . . . . . Marion W. Anderson.
IV. Talk. The Stage in Shakespeare's Time . . Alice W. Hunt.
V. Dramatic Representation.
Campaspe (Lyly). Act IV. Scene II. Act V. Scene IV.
VI. The Shakespeare–Bacon Controversy . . Helen R. Stahr.

The following former members were present: Miss Bigelow, '84; Miss Hall, '84; Miss Kendrick, '85; Miss Stimson, Miss Hardon and Miss Wilkinson of '92; Miss Lincoln, '93, and Mrs. Prince.

The Agora held its first meeting of the year in Elocution Hall, Saturday evening, Sept. 16. The following new members were initiated: Louise B. Richardson, Sp.; Belinda M. Bogardus, '96; Alberta F. Baker, '96; Joanna S. Parker, '96; Annie H. Peaks, '96; Elva H. Young, '96, and Anne E. Zeigler, '96.

Programme.

What Money Is . . . . . Mary W. Calkins.
Bimetallism . . . . . May Young, '95.

Alumnae Notes.

The twelfth annual meeting of the Western Wellesley Association was held Monday, Sept. 5th, at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago. About eighty in all were present, including representatives from nearly every class, past and present. The business meeting at 12.30 was followed by a lunch. It had a most delightful introduction in a speech by the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, one of the honorary members of the class of '90. The lunch was accompanied by "Thoughts," which were as follows: —

'79. The First Settlers. Letter from Miss Annie S. Montague.
'80. Pondere, non numero. Mrs. Nora Starke Lehmon.
'90. Pondere et numero.
'88. οὐχ ἡμῖν. Miss Gertrude Willcox.
'91. "After us."
'92. The Deluge (d). Miss Florence Wilkinson.
'87. "On Top."
'86. The Message of the Daisies. Miss Florence Homer.
The Faculty. Telegram from Pres. Shafer.
1S. Special Attractions. Miss Hannah Case.
'85. The Decimal Class. Mrs. Fannie Hoyt Rockwood.
'83. σπεῦδε βραδέως. Mrs. Florence Runnels Bryant.
'81. The Faithful. Miss Helen Kitchell.
'81. The Good.
'84. Precedents. Letter from Miss Edith Tufts.
'89. Continued Precedents. Miss Alice Libby.
'93. New Precedents. Miss Clara Helmer.

The toast cards were most artistically decorated with pansies in honor of '93 by Miss Harriet Coman and Miss Belle Emerson. Through the illness of the president, the business meeting and lunch were presided over by the first vice-president, Miss Dora Emerson, '92. The following officers were elected for next year: Miss Agnes Holbrook, '92, president; Miss Willcox, '88, Miss White, '93, vice-presidents; Miss Wrenn, '91, recording secretary; Miss Helmer, '93, corresponding secretary; Miss Crapo, '94, annalist. Among the guests present from a distance were: Miss Sallie Reed, Miss Louise Saxton, Miss Juliette Wall, '91; Miss Grace Gruber, Miss Edna Spaulding, Miss Gertrude Cushing, Miss Katharine Elliott of '92; Miss Mendenhall and Miss Hopkins, '84; Miss Augsbury, '95: Miss Crapo and Miss Polly Chapin, '94.

An extra reunion of the class of '89 was held at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, July 26. The following were present: Miss Mary S. Case, associate member;

Mary Bean Jones, May Banta, Edith James, Eleanor Gamble, Isabelle Stone, Katharine Lane, Mary Stinson, Mollie Stevens, Mary Zimmerman Fiske, Edith Sturges, Susie Wilcox, Gertrude Jones, Hattie Weaver Krohn, Julia Ferris, M. Lucy Child, Caroline Williamson, Dora Scribner, Florence Hoffman, Alice Hinchliffe Lay, Jessie Morgan Eakin, Kate Penfield, Helen Holmes. Miss Eleanor Gamble acted as toast-mistress. Miss Isabelle Howe gave the class a welcome to Chicago. Miss Katharine Lane spoke for the teachers, Mrs. Eakin for the mothers, Miss Stinson responded to a toast to Our Committee of One, and Miss Case closed with an account of what had been taking place at the college since '89, and in what ways '89 might serve her Alma Mater. A number of messages were also read from absent members.

The classes of '85, '86, '88 and '91 have also held reunions in Chicago this summer.

The engagement of Miss Lorraine Meeker, Sp. '87-89, has been announced.

Miss Jeanette Welch, '89, is the Fellow of the Chicago Branch of the A. C. A. at Hull House, Chicago.

Miss Julia Ferris, '89, retains her position at Riverside, Ill.

Miss Grace Andrews, '89, has been enjoying a trip to California this summer and fall.

Miss Alice Brewster, '89, is still in Trenton, New Jersey.

Miss Sarah Groff, '89, has been in England for two months with Miss Evelyn Barrows.

Miss Leona Lebus, '89, is teaching in the high school in Los Angeles, California.

Miss Mary Lowe Stevens, '85, has accepted a position in Southern California.

Miss Isabelle Stone, '89, is pursuing a course of physics at the University of Chicago.

Miss Maud Wilkinson, '89, has been re-appointed Honorary Fellow in Literature in the University of Chicago.

Miss Caroline Williamson, '89, is to spend the winter at the Boston College Settlement.

Miss Annie Woodman, '89, is to pursue graduate studies at Yale this year.

Miss Maud Crane, '89, is to have a year's rest, while her classmate, Miss Frances Palen, takes her place in St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, New York.

Miss Clare Wade, '89, has been studying at the college for her Master's Degree during September and October.

Miss Ada Woolfolk, '91, holds a College Settlement Fellowship. Her time is to be divided between New York and Boston.

Miss Mary Mederwell, '90, is teaching in a grammar school of one of the suburbs of Chicago.

Miss Mary Hoyt, '89, continues her studies at the Hahnemann Medical College, Chicage, this winter.

Miss Edith Sturges, '99, is in her last year of a medical course at the University of Michigan.

Miss Kittie McCauley is principal of a Wellesley preparatory school in Rochester, New York.

Miss Alice Dransfield has returned to Belmont, California, for this year.

Miss Juliette Wall, Genevieve Stuart, '91, and Belle Morgan, '92, have returned from a year's trip abroad.

Miss Gertrude Cushing, '92, has returned from abroad and will spend the winter in Chicago.

Miss Gertrude Mendenhall, '84, spent the summer in Minneapolis.

Miss Helen Hill, '92, is teaching Latin and mathematics in Milwaukee College.

Miss Dora Scribner, '89, is teaching in Fiske University, Nashville, Tenn.

Miss May Banta, '89, who has just come from a special study of Chemistry and Physics, at the Mass. Institute of Technology, is instructor in these departments at Wellesley.

Miss Harriet Constantine, '89, is teaching in the Worcester High School.

Miss Mary J. Orton, '90, is teaching in the High School at West Winsted, Conn.

Miss Eleanor Sherwin, '89, is studying at Yale this year.

Miss Emily J. Clark, '82, formerly instructor in the Latin department of Wellesley College, is teaching this year in the Brooklyn, N. Y., Girls' High School.

Miss Sarah G. Robinson, '82, is teaching this year in the Misses Grinnell's School, New York City.

Miss Harriet R. Pierce, '88, is teaching in Bradford Academy, Bradford, Mass.

Miss Mary L. Sawyer, '88, is teaching in the Normal School, Oshkosh, Wis.

Miss Ella W. Bray, '90, is teaching this year in the High School, Weymouth, Mass.

Miss Lillian W. Crawford is teaching in the Classical High School, Worcester, Mass.

Miss Kate M. Ward, '92, is teaching in Bellewood Seminary, Anchorage, Ky.

Miss Mary L. Barker '93, is teaching in the High School, Pittsfield, Mass.

Miss S. Antoinette Bigelow, '93, is teaching this year in Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Marion Bradbury, 93, is teaching in the High School, Lancaster, Mass.

Miss F. Gertrude Coolidge, '93, is teaching in the Middleboro, Mass., High School.

Miss Emily H. Ham, '93, is teaching in the High School, Dover, N. H.

Miss Lucy Hartwell, '93, is teaching in the Seminary at Springfield, O.

Miss Maria Kneen, '93, is teaching in the Abington, Mass., High School.

Miss Mabel McDuffee, '93, is teaching in the Burr and Burton Seminary, Manchester, Vt.

Miss Florence Monroe, '93, is teacher in the High School, Hudson, Mass.

Miss Alice Reed and Miss Alice Williams, of '93, are teaching in Granville College, Granville, Ohio.

Miss Laura Whipple, '93, is teaching in the Westport High School, Kansas City, Mo.

Miss Clara Northrop, formerly of '94, is teaching in the Branford, Conn., High School.

Miss Elizabeth S. Magay, Sp. '90-92, is teaching in the High School, Laconia, N. H.

Miss Elizabeth White, '93, is teaching Latin in a private school, Evanston, Ill.

An unusually large number of the class of '93 will be at their homes this winter. Among them are: Miss Francis Lucas, Wooster, O.; Miss Elizabeth Trebein, Trebein, O.; Miss Laura Jones, Miss Isabelle Sims and Miss Mary Dennis, Newark, N. J.; Miss Julia Reid, Belmont, Cal.; Miss Josephine Simrall, Covington, Ky.; Miss Alice Maud Barbour, Ansonia, Conn.; Miss Sue Huntington, Norwich, Conn.

Miss Martha Goddard, '92, and Miss Geraldine Longley, '92, are teaching in the English High School, Worcester, Mass.

Miss Louise Saxton, '91, is teaching in the High School, Washington, D. C.

Miss Helen Burr, '93, is teaching at Portsmouth, N. H.

Miss Sarah McNary, '90, is teaching at the Newark High School, N. J.

Miss Flora Luther, a special of '90–'92, is at her home in Boston.

Miss Edith White, '93, is traveling abroad and expects to spend the winter in Greece. She is now in Switzerland.

Miss Martha McCaulley, '92, is teaching in a private school in Lowell, Mass.

Miss Bettie Keith, '93, expects to spend the winter in Boston studying music.

Miss Ford ('92-'93) is helping Miss Lydia McCayne (Sp. '89-'90) in her private school in Omaha, Neb.

Miss Cornelia Green, '92, expects to spend the winter in Boston studying art.

Miss Rose J. Sears, '90, is teaching in the Huguenot Seminary, Wellington, Cape Colony, South Africa.

Miss Maria McG. Montgomery, Sp '91-92, is studying music in Boston. Her address is Derey Depot, N. H.

Miss Nellie Mower, '93, is to teach in a private family in Paterson, N. J.

Miss Kate F. Andrews, '93, is teaching in a young ladies' seminary in Oxford, O.

Miss Helen R. Mason, '93, is teaching Latin in Lyndon Hall, a private college preparatory in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Mrs. Kittie Gill Annis, formerly of '93, now living in Evanston, Ill., as Prof. Annis, is teaching in the college there. Mrs. Annis has a little son two or three months old.

Grace Edith Gruber, 92, has resumed her position in Buffalo, N. Y., as tutor to Miss Rich.

The address of Miss Emily Canfield, Sp. '87-'88, is 160 W. 129th St., N. Y.

Miss Matilda Goulding, Sp. '91-'93, is teaching in Vergennes, Vt.

Miss Grace M. Ward, formerly of '94, is teaching in the Ashland, Mass., High School.

Miss Anna Winegar, '92, is planning to spend part of this winter studying art in Italy.

Miss Harriet Harwood has given up her trip to California for this winter and is continuing her interesting work in her club among the factory girls in Bennington.

Miss Charlotte Hand, '92, who has been spending the past few months at "Greypoints," her summer home at Martha's Vineyard, will be in Scranton by the first of October, and will spend the winter there.

Miss Martha P. Conant's ('90) address for the college year '93-'94 will be Walnut Hill School, Natick, Mass. Miss Conant is taking courses in English Literature and German at the college.

Miss Charlotte H. Conant and Miss Florence Bigelow, of the class of '84, opened their college preparatory school for girls at Walnut Hill, Natick, on the 7th of September under favorable conditions.

Miss Antoinette Bigelow is teaching sciences in a private school, Buffalo, N.Y.

Miss Florence Monroe, '93, is teaching in Hudson, Mass.

Miss Maude Severance, '93, expects to teach in Groton, N. Y.

Miss Frances Libby, '93, is teaching at her home, Richmond, Maine.

Miss Anna Peckham, '93, is teaching at home, Kingston, R. I.

Miss Emma Grace Dewey, '93, is teaching in Menominee, Mich.

Miss Clara Hovey, Sp. '92-'93, is at her home, Bridgeport, Conn.

Copies of Dr. Hall's baccalaureate sermon, preached at the college last June, may be had at ten cents each by applying to Martha C. Wilcox, 25 Stone Hall, or by mail to Marion N. Wilcox, 8 Highland Ave., Medford, Mass.

The memorial of Professor Hosford, published last spring, brings back to the former student of Wellesley some of the choicest associations of her college life. A fine likeness of Professer Hosford, with his autograph, and the address of Dr. McKenzie at the memorial service in the college chapel are among the many attractions of this beautiful volume. The letter addressed by the faculty to the bereaved family readily suggests the graceful pen of Professor Bates. The book may be obtained at the college book store. Price, $1.10.

Miss Marietta Eaton Newcombe, Wellesley, '89-'91, and Women's N. Y. Medical College, '95, has been seriously ill, but hopes to be able to resume her medical work.

Miss Henrietta St. Barbe Brooks, '91, is in the Harvard University library.

Miss Alice Emerson, '92, is teaching in St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Miss Helen Eager, '93, is in the Fiske Teachers' Agency, 4 Ashburton Place, Boston.

Miss Florence Converse, '92, is at home in New Orleans.

Miss Grace Grenell, '93, is teaching in the High School, Milton, N. H.

Miss Mary Young, '93, is teaching at Northfield, Mass.

Miss Clara L. Bacon, '90, is principal of the Abingdon, Ill., High School. Miss Bacon is the first woman principal of this school.

Miss Emily I. D. Meader, '91, and Miss Elizabeth J. Hoyt retain their positions in the Providence, R. I., High School.

Miss Roberta Allen, formerly of '93, is visiting in Chicago and St. Louis.

Miss Etta Penniman, Mus., '93, is with Mrs. Sherman-Raymond at the Hoffman House, Boston, where she is studying violin with Mrs. Raymond and Prof. C. N. Allen.

Miss Ella Penniman, '93, is doing graduate work in Greek and music at the college.

Miss Louise Brown, '93, is teaching in Miss Plympton's School, Albany, N. Y.

Miss Carrie Hardwick, '93, is teaching Latin and English in the High School, Cohasset, Mass.

Miss Adelaide Smith,'93, is teaching in the High School at her home,Boone,Ia.

Miss Susie Wilcox, '89, is teaching in the High School, Springfield, Ill.

Miss Anna M. Olsson, '90, is teaching in the Brooklyn, N. Y., Girls' High School.

Miss Mary J. Fitch, '90, is teaching in Scranton, Penn.

Miss Emily Brown, '90, who has been ill, will spend the winter at home.

College Bulletin.

President Shafer will be at home to students and other friends on Wednesday and Saturday evenings at Norumbega.

Sunday,	Oct. 15.	Rev. J. H. Ecob.
Monday,	Oct. 16.	Lecture by Mr. Clark.
Saturday,	Oct. 21.	Lecture by Miss Stebbins in the gymnasium.
Sunday,	Oct. 22.	Prof. W. N. Rice.
Monday,	Oct. 23.	Concert.
Wed'day,	Oct. 25.	Lecture by Mr. Clark.
Monday,	Oct. 30.	Lecture by Mr. Clark.
Sunday,	Nov. 5.	Rev. P. S. Moxom.
Monday,	Nov. 6.	Concert.
Sunday,	Nov. 12.	Rev. J. W. Bixler of New London, Conn.
Wed'day,	Nov. 15.	Lecture by Mr. Horace Scudder.

Marriages.

TWITCHELL — EDWARDS. At Lisle, N. Y., Sept. 7, 1893, Herbert Kenaston Twitchell and Mary A. Edwards, '89.

THWING — WHITE. At Cazenovia, N. Y., August 3, 1893, Charles Burton Thwing and Lucy B. White, '91.

LEWIS — BRACKETT. At Newton Centre, Mass., Thursday, Aug. 24, 1893, Robert Ellsworth Lewis of St. Johnsbury, Vt., and Grace Mason Brackett, Wellesley, '90.

CARLETON — WHITLOCK. Oct. 3, 1893, Frank Tyler Carleton and M. Blanch Whitlock. Address, 50 Central St., Andover, Mass.

HILLS — AYER. At Dana Hall, June, 1893, Harry Neville Hills and Ada Ayer, '81.

MARPLES — MCCAGUE. Sept. 12, 1893, George Marples of Omaha, Neb., and Anna McCague, Sp. '88-'90.

Births.

July 30, 1893, a son, to Mrs. Henrietta Middlekauff Gates.

Deaths.

Alice Florence Brewster of the class of '94, Wellesley College.

At a meeting of the Class of Ninety-four held September 15, 1893, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas — It has pleased Our Heavenly Father, in His all-wise Providence, to remove from her earthly life our classmate, Alice Florence Brewster, be it

Resolved — That we, the Class of Ninety-four of Wellesley College, do hereby express our sorrow for the great loss which we have sustained, and do offer our deepest sympathy to her family in their affliction, and

Resolved — That we also express our appreciation of the privilege of having known a life so earnest in its endeavor, so noble in its attainments, and

Resolved — That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and be published in the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

Committee { HELEN RUSSEL STAHR. SUSAN SHELDON HAWLEY. LILLIAN BAKER QUINBY.

At Salem Hospital, Salem, Mass., June 26, '93, Helen Elizabeth Bruce, of tuberculosus.

Mary Abbie Downes, '93, in Francistown, N. H., Aug. 23, 1893.

Whereas — It has seemed best to our Heavenly Father, in His Providence, to take from us our beloved friend and classmate, Mary A. Downes, we, in behalf of the Class of Ninety-three, of which she was a devoted member and officer, desire to express our deep sorrow for the loss of one whose friendship and example have been so much to us. Therefore be it

Resolved — That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to her family and friends in their sorrow, feeling that there is consolation for them as for us in the abiding memory of her beautiful life and character.

Resolved — That a copy of these resolutions be sent to her family and to the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

For the Class of '93 { HELEN G. EAGER. MARION N. WILCOX. MARY B. HILL.

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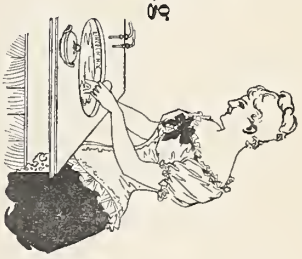

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